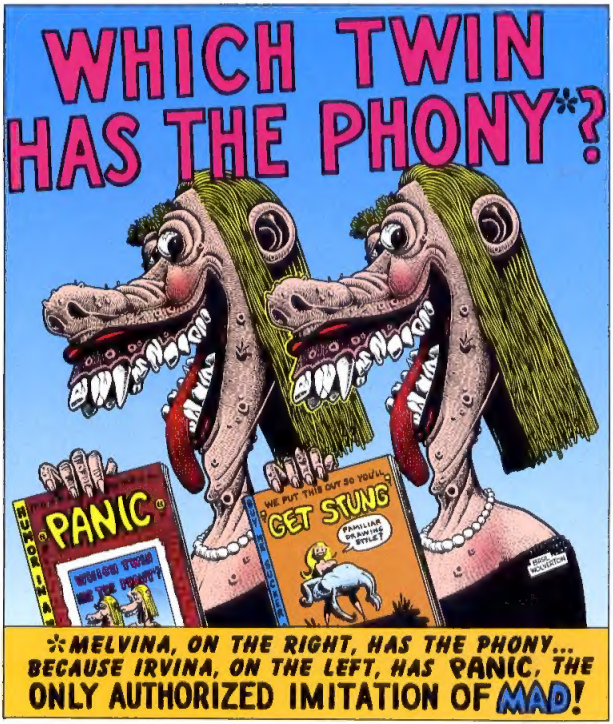
HUMOR IN A VARICOSE VEIN

THIS IS NO MAGAZINE! THIS IS A...

PANIC

AN ENTERTAINING COMIC
NO. 4
DEC
2 50
3 45
CANADA


WHICH TWIN HAS THE PHONY*?
PANIC
WE PUT THIS OUT SO YOU'LL GET STUNG
PANILLIAC DRAWING STYLE?
*MELVINA, ON THE RIGHT, HAS THE PHONY... BECAUSE IRVINA, ON THE LEFT, HAS PANIC, THE ONLY AUTHORIZED IMITATION OF MAD!

ETERNAL YOUTH-TYPE COMIC STRIP DEPT. (LITTLE AWFUL ANNIE'S GOT NOTHIN' ON THIS GUY! DIVISION): HERE'S ANOTHER PERENNIAL FAVORITE THAT'S BEEN GRACING THE PAGES OF YOUR NEWSPAPER COMIC SECTION SINCE CALVIN COOLIGE, OH SO SILENTLY, TOOK OVER THE WHITE HOUSE. IT'S THE STORY OF A CLEVER HARD-WORKING BOY, HIS CLEVER HARD-WORKING BOSS, HIS CLEVER LISPING LITTLE BROTHER, HIS CLEVER LOVING MAMA AND POPPA, A CLEVER INDIAN GUIDE, A CLEVER INDIAN CHIEF, AND A *FISH* THAT'S CLEVERER THAN *ALL SEVEN OF THEM.* THIS ANCIENT STRIP GOES BY NAME OF...

SMIDDY

RECOGNIZE ME? MY NAME IS *SMIDDY SMIDD!* I'M A PROFESSIONAL JUVENILE *CAREER BOY.* I WORK FOR A JOLLY BOSS WITH *COTTON-BALLS* FOR *HAIR* NAMED *MELVIN BULLY.* EVERY DAY, I PUT ON THESE *CRUMMY BLACK PANTS,* THIS *BAGGY OLD SHIRT,* AND THIS *SNAPPY BLACK BOW TIE,* AND I RUSH TO MR. BULLY'S OFFICE. I *LANDED* THIS MISERABLE JOB BACK IN *1924* WHEN I WAS *FIFTEEN* OR SO. THAT MAKES ME *FORTY-FIVE YEARS OLD! YOUNG LOOKING, AIN'T I?*

ONE WAY

NOPE! GO BACK 15 SPACES!

HA! MISSED AGAIN!

YOU'RE GETTIN' WARM!

ALL WORK AND NO PLAY MAKES JACK?

DETOUR-

ERRANT BOY WANTED!

BILL ELDER

THIS IS MY MAMA AND POPPA. THEY LOVE ME. THEY ALWAYS ENCOURAGE ME. THEY GIVE ME STRENGTH. THEY *TAKE* MY *PAYCHECK.* SOMETHING'S BEEN *BOTHERING* ME FOR THE LAST THIRTY YEARS. IT'S BEEN *PREYING ON MY MIND...*

POPPA! *WHY* DO I HAVE TO WORK?

SOMEBODY'S GOTTA WORK! *WHO* SHOULD IT *BE? ME?!* SHUT UP AND EAT YOUR BREAKFAST!

RACING FORM

SCRATCH

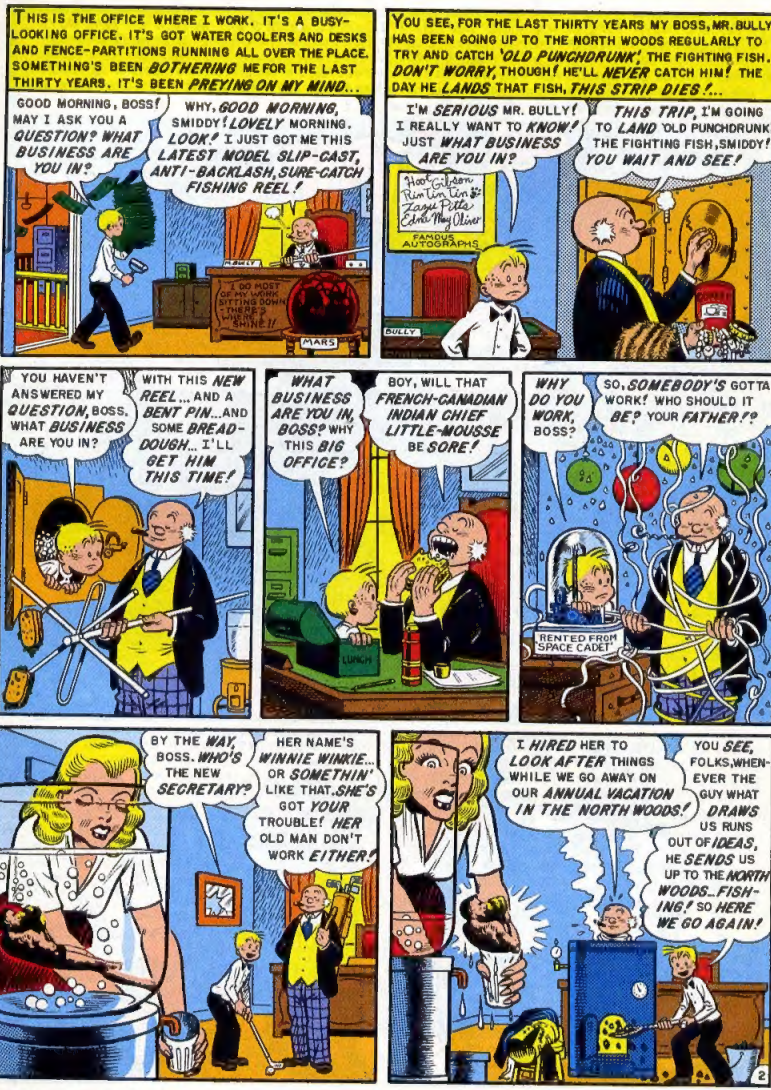
NOW COMES MY BABY BROTHER HOIBY. HOIBY LISPS. THIS MAKES HIM CUTE. HE WEARS BABY-TYPE CLOTHES. THIS MAKES HIM CUTER. HE'S BEEN WEARING BABY-TYPE CLOTHES AND LISPING FOR THIRTY YEARS. THIS MAKES HIM A VERY CUTE *THIRTY-FOUR YEAR OLD...*

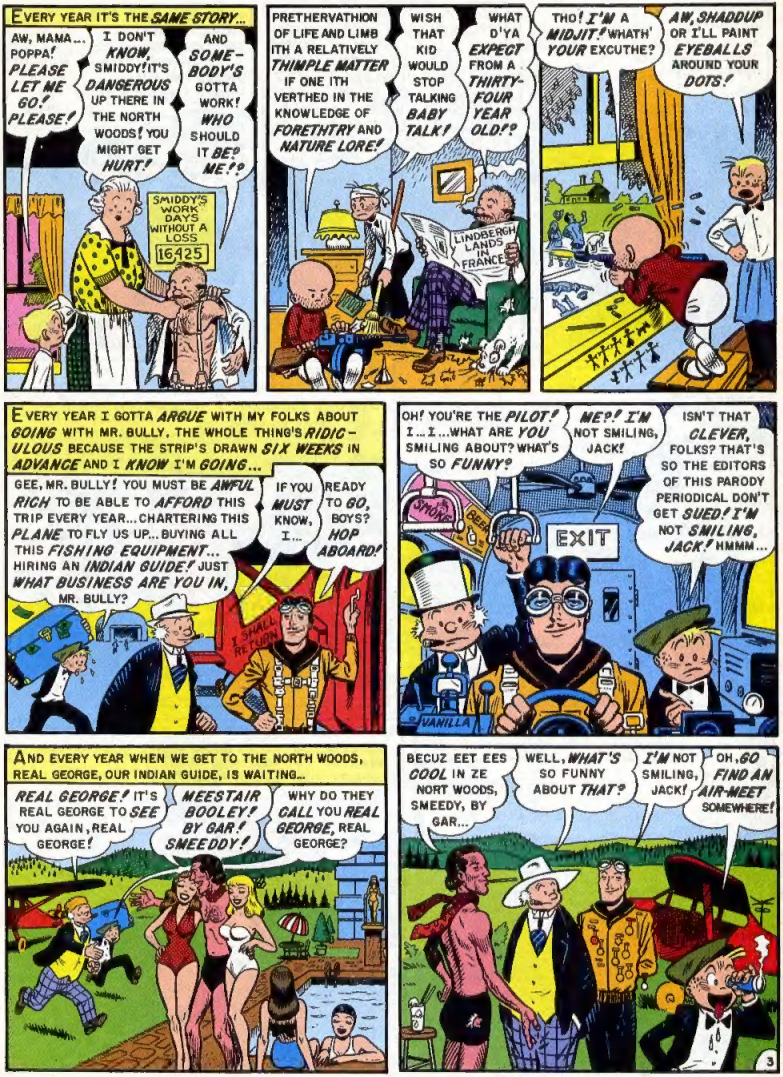
THO! *I'M* A *MIDJIT!* WHATH' *YOUR* EXCUTHE?

LEAVE SMIDDY ALONE, HOIBY! *SOMEBODY'S* GOTTA WORK, *WHO* SHOULD IT *BE? ME?!*

ZOOOP!

USED BLADES

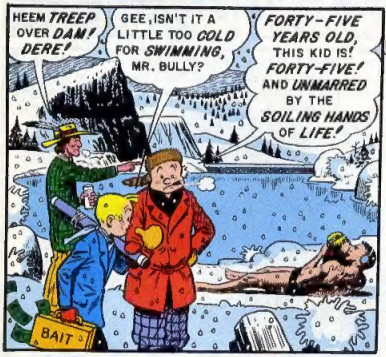

THIS IS THE OFFICE WHERE I WORK. IT'S A BUSY-LOOKING OFFICE. IT'S GOT WATER COOLERS AND DESKS AND FENCE-PARTITIONS RUNNING ALL OVER THE PLACE. SOMETHING'S BEEN BOTHERING ME FOR THE LAST THIRTY YEARS. IT'S BEEN PREYING ON MY MIND...
GOOD MORNING, BOSS! MAY I ASK YOU A QUESTION? WHAT BUSINESS ARE YOU IN?
WHY, GOOD MORNING, SMIDDY! LOVELY MORNING. LOOK! I JUST GOT ME THIS LATEST MODEL SLIP-CAST, ANTI-BACKLASH, SURE-CATCH FISHING REEL!
I DO MOST OF MY WORK SITTING DOWN - THERE'S NOTHING TO IT!
MARS
YOU SEE, FOR THE LAST THIRTY YEARS MY BOSS, MR. BULLY, HAS BEEN GOING UP TO THE NORTH WOODS REGULARLY TO TRY AND CATCH 'OLD PUNCHDRUNK', THE FIGHTING FISH. DON'T WORRY, THOUGH! HE'LL NEVER CATCH HIM! THE DAY HE LANDS THAT FISH, THIS STRIP DIES!...
I'M SERIOUS MR. BULLY! I REALLY WANT TO KNOW! JUST WHAT BUSINESS ARE YOU IN?
Hoot Gibson Rin Tin Tin Zasu Pitts Edna May Oliver
FAMOUS AUTOGRAPHS
BULLY
THIS TRIP, I'M GOING TO LAND 'OLD PUNCHDRUNK', THE FIGHTING FISH, SMIDDY! YOU WAIT AND SEE!
YOU HAVEN'T ANSWERED MY QUESTION, BOSS. WHAT BUSINESS ARE YOU IN?
WITH THIS NEW REEL... AND A BENT PIN... AND SOME BREAD-DOUGH... I'LL GET HIM THIS TIME!
WHAT BUSINESS ARE YOU IN, BOSS? WHY THIS BIG OFFICE?
BOY, WILL THAT FRENCH-CANADIAN INDIAN CHIEF LITTLE-MOUSSE BE SORE!
LUNCH
WHY DO YOU WORK, BOSS?
SO, SOMEBODY'S GOTTA WORK! WHO SHOULD IT BE? YOUR FATHER!?
RENTED FROM 'SPACE CADET'
BY THE WAY, BOSS. WHO'S THE NEW SECRETARY?
HER NAME'S WINNIE WINKIE... OR SOMETHIN' LIKE THAT. SHE'S GOT YOUR TROUBLE! HER OLD MAN DON'T WORK EITHER!
I HIRED HER TO LOOK AFTER THINGS WHILE WE GO AWAY ON OUR ANNUAL VACATION IN THE NORTH WOODS!
YOU SEE, FOLKS, WHENEVER THE GUY WHAT DRAWS US RUNS OUT OF IDEAS, HE SENDS US UP TO THE NORTH WOODS... FISHING! SO HERE WE GO AGAIN!
2

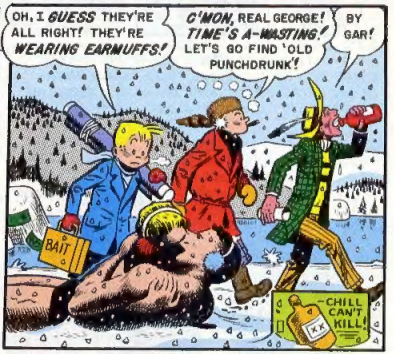

EVERY YEAR IT'S THE SAME STORY...
AW, MAMA... POPPA! PLEASE LET ME GO! PLEASE!
I DON'T KNOW, SMIDDY! IT'S DANGEROUS UP THERE IN THE NORTH WOODS! YOU MIGHT GET HURT!
AND SOME-BODY'S GOTTA WORK! WHO SHOULD IT BE? ME!?
SMIDDY'S WORK DAYS WITHOUT A LOSS 16425
PRETHERVATHION OF LIFE AND LIMB ITH A RELATIVELY THIMPLE MATTER IF ONE ITH VERTHED IN THE KNOWLEDGE OF FORETHTRY AND NATURE LORE!
WISH THAT KID WOULD STOP TALKING BABY TALK!
WHAT D'YA EXPECT FROM A THIRTY-FOUR YEAR OLD!?
LINDBERGH LANDS IN FRANCE
THO! I'M A MIDJIT! WHATH' YOUR EXCUTHE?
AW, SHADDUP OR I'LL PAINT EYEBALLS AROUND YOUR DOTS!
EVERY YEAR I GOTTA ARGUE WITH MY FOLKS ABOUT GOING WITH MR. BULLY, THE WHOLE THING'S RIDIC-ULOUS BECAUSE THE STRIP'S DRAWN SIX WEEKS IN ADVANCE AND I KNOW I'M GOING...
GEE, MR. BULLY! YOU MUST BE AWFUL RICH TO BE ABLE TO AFFORD THIS TRIP EVERY YEAR... CHARTERING THIS PLANE TO FLY US UP... BUYING ALL THIS FISHING EQUIPMENT... HIRING AN INDIAN GUIDE! JUST WHAT BUSINESS ARE YOU IN, MR. BULLY?
IF YOU MUST KNOW, I...
READY TO GO, BOYS? HOP ABOARD!
I SHALL RETURN
OH! YOU'RE THE PILOT! I... I... WHAT ARE YOU SMILING ABOUT? WHAT'S SO FUNNY?
ME?! I'M NOT SMILING, JACK!
ISN'T THAT CLEVER, FOLKS? THAT'S SO THE EDITORS OF THIS PARODY PERIODICAL DON'T GET SUED! I'M NOT SMILING, JACK! HMMM...
EXIT
VANILLA
AND EVERY YEAR WHEN WE GET TO THE NORTH WOODS, REAL GEORGE, OUR INDIAN GUIDE, IS WAITING...
REAL GEORGE! IT'S REAL GEORGE TO SEE YOU AGAIN, REAL GEORGE!
MEESTAIR BOOLEY! BY GAR! SMEEDDY!
WHY DO THEY CALL YOU REAL GEORGE, REAL GEORGE?
BECUZ EET EES COOL IN ZE NORT WOODS, SMEEDY, BY GAR...
WELL, WHAT'S SO FUNNY ABOUT THAT?
I'M NOT SMILING, JACK!
OH, GO FIND AN AIR-MEET SOMEWHERE!
3

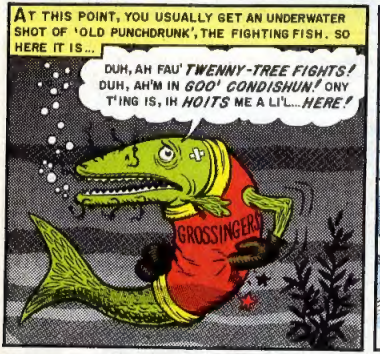
HOW'S 'OLD PUNCH-DRUNK', REAL GEORGE? ANYBODY CATCH THAT OLD FIGHTING FISH YET? DID THAT FRENCH-CANADIAN INDIAN CHIEF, LITTLE MOUSSE...?
LEETLE MOUSSE EES DAD!
MONEY DOESN'T GROW ON TREES-BUT X-MAS HAVE A WAY OF ATTRACTING IT!
BAIT

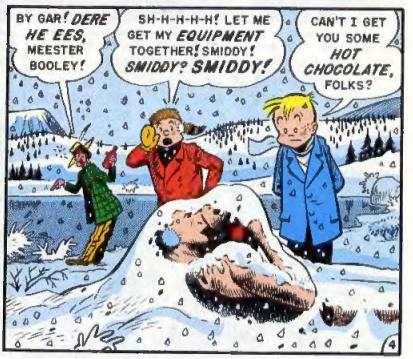
DEAD?! IMPOSSIBLE!
DEN I GO DEEG HEEM UPP! EEF HE NO DAD.. HEEM NO USE BEENG BARIED!
HOLD ON, REAL GEORGE! HOW'D LITTLE MOUSSE DIE?
CAUGHT COLD? USE BILL'S INSTANT MUSTARD PLASTER. ALSO COMES IN KETCHUP AND RELISH
BAIT

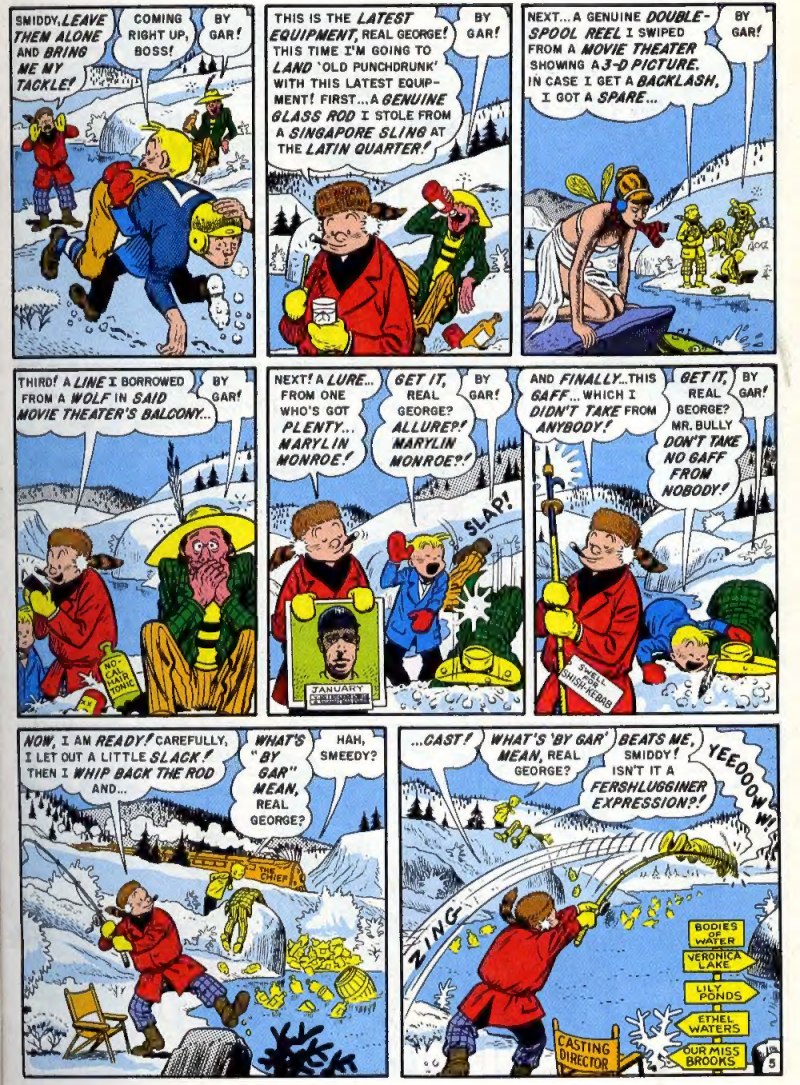
HEEM HAUNTING OLD PAUNCHDRUNK! HEEM WALKEENG DOWN BY ZEE LAKE SHORE! HEEM TREEP AND FALL! COME! I SHOW YOU!
POOR OLD LITTLE MOUSSE! HE WAS THE CREAM...
BAITERS


HEEM TREEP OVER DAM! DERE!
GEE, ISN'T IT A LITTLE TOO COLD FOR SWIMMING, MR. BULLY?
FORTY-FIVE YEARS OLD, THIS KID IS! FORTY-FIVE! AND UNMARRED BY THE SOILING HANDS OF LIFE!
BAIT


OH, I GUESS THEY'RE ALL RIGHT! THEY'RE WEARING EARMUFFS!
C'MON, REAL GEORGE! TIME'S A-WASTING! LET'S GO FIND 'OLD PUNCHDRUNK'!
BY GAR!
BAIT
CHILL CAN'T KILL!


AT THIS POINT, YOU USUALLY GET AN UNDERWATER SHOT OF 'OLD PUNCHDRUNK', THE FIGHTING FISH. SO HERE IT IS...
DUH, AH FAU' TWENNY-TREE FIGHTS! DUH, AH'M IN GOO' CONDISHUN! ONY T'ING IS, IH HOITS ME A LI'L... HERE!
GROSSINGER'S


BY GAR! DERE HE EES, MEESTER BOOLEY!
SH-H-H-H-H! LET ME GET MY EQUIPMENT TOGETHER! SMIDDY! SMIDDY? SMIDDY!
CAN'T I GET YOU SOME HOT CHOCOLATE, FOLKS?
4


SMIDDY, LEAVE THEM ALONE AND BRING ME MY TACKLE!
COMING RIGHT UP, BOSS!
BY GAR!
THIS IS THE LATEST EQUIPMENT, REAL GEORGE! THIS TIME I'M GOING TO LAND 'OLD PUNCHDRUNK' WITH THIS LATEST EQUIPMENT! FIRST... A GENUINE GLASS ROD I STOLE FROM A SINGAPORE SLING AT THE LATIN QUARTER!
BY GAR!
NEXT... A GENUINE DOUBLE-SPOOL REEL I SWIPED FROM A MOVIE THEATER SHOWING A 3-D PICTURE. IN CASE I GET A BACKLASH, I GOT A SPARE...
BY GAR!
THIRD! A LINE I BORROWED FROM A WOLF IN SAID MOVIE THEATER'S BALCONY...
BY GAR!
NO-CAL HAIR TONIC
NEXT! A LURE... FROM ONE WHO'S GOT PLENTY... MARYLIN MONROE!
GET IT, REAL GEORGE? ALLURE?! MARYLIN MONROE?!
BY GAR!
SLAP!
JANUARY
AND FINALLY... THIS GAFF... WHICH I DIDN'T TAKE FROM ANYBODY!
GET IT, REAL GEORGE? MR. BULLY DON'T TAKE NO GAFF FROM NOBODY!
BY GAR!
SHELL OF SHISH-KEBAB
NOW, I AM READY! CAREFULLY, I LET OUT A LITTLE SLACK! THEN I WHIP BACK THE ROD AND...
WHAT'S "BY GAR" MEAN, REAL GEORGE?
HAH, SMEEDY?
THE CHIEF
...CAST!
WHAT'S 'BY GAR' MEAN, REAL GEORGE?
BEATS ME, SMIDDY! ISN'T IT A FERSHLUGGINER EXPRESSION?!
YEEOOOW!
ZING
BODIES OF WATER
VERONICA LAKE
LILY PONDS
ETHEL WATERS
OUR MISS BROOKS
CASTING DIRECTOR
5

WHAT THE...?!
IT'S LITTLE MOUSSE!
HAALPPPP...
BY GAR! MEESTAIR BOOLEY HAS HOOKED LEETLE MOUSSE!
PLEASE DON'T THROW ANY PICTURES OF JANE RUSSELL IN THE WOODS -- THEY CAN CAUSE FOREST FIRES!
BY GAR! MEESTAIR BOOLEY HAS CAST LEETLE MOUSSE INTO ZE LAKE...
SPLASH!
679437212 WANTED DEAD OR BADLY CRIPPLED!
BY GAR! LEETLE MOUSSE HAS SPLASHED 'OLD PAUNCHDRUNK' ONTO ZE SHORE!
SPLAT!
I CAUGHT HIM! I CAUGHT HIM! I FINALLY CAUGHT 'OLD PUNCHDRUNK'!
ONY T'ING IS, IH HOITS ME... HERE!
WAIT A MINUTE! THTOP! THITH FITH ITH MINE! I THPLASHED HIM OUT OF THE WATER! HE'TH MINE!
LEETLE MOUSSE! I THAWT YOU WAZ DAD!
WAK! POW! SOK
AN' THTOP CALLING ME LI'L MOOTH! THITH MATHQUERADE HATH GONE FAR ENOUGH!
LEETLE MOUSSE EES TAKING OFF HEES NOSE!
POW
BIFF
LEETLE MOUSSE EES TAKING OFF HEES HAIR.
OOF
OW
LEETLE MOUSSE EES NOT LEETLE MOUSSE!
BY GAR! HOIBY!
6

BY GAR?? WHATH WITH YOU?
I LOST MY HEAD OVER THE FERSHLUGGINER EXPRESSION! BUT, HOIBY! WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?
I GOT THICK AN' TIRED OF OF BEING TWEATED LIKE A WITTLE BABY! I MET A PIWOT AT A PAPER GWIDER AIR MEET AN' HE FWEW ME UP HERE.
WAS HE SMILING?
NO, I WASN'T SMILING, JACK!
OH, GET OUTTA MY STRIP!
LOOK! I'M A FERSHLUGGINER JET PLANE!
POW!
AN NOW, IF YOU WILL EXCUTHE ME... I WILL PUT ON MY YELLOW THLICKER HAT...
MAKE-UP KIT
...AND MY YELLOW THLICKER COAT...
... AND TAKE MY FERTHLUGGINER FITH...
AND GO POTHE FOR COD-LIVER OIL LABELTH...
BOSS, NOW THAT 'OLD PUNCHDRUNK' THE FIGHTING FISH, IS CAUGHT, AND THIS STRIP IS NOT LONG FOR THIS WORLD, TELL ME! WHAT BUSINESS ARE YOU IN?
I MANUFACTURE COD-LIVER OIL! AND YOU'RE FIRED!
CRASH!
HOIBY! WAIT FOR ME! I'VE GOT A BUSINESS PROPOSITION FOR YOU!
GEE! NOW HOIBY'S GONNA WORK FOR MR. BULLY!
SO, SOMEBODY'S GOTTA WORK! WHO SHOULD IT BE? ME?!
THE END
7

The other day, your editors got one of those very intimate personal newsletters in the mail...you know!...the kind that people who want to be "in-the-know" subscribe to. We thought, in the interests of journalism and so you shouldn't worry about your economic and political future, we'd give you our version of one of these missives:

THE CRIPPLING WASHINGTON LETTER

CIRCULATED PRIVATELY TO IDIOTS

THE CRIPPLING WASHINGTON GRAPEVINE AGENCY

Washington, Blue Monday, June 7, 1954.

Dear Sucker,

Business has boomed for the past five years, reaching an all-time high in sales and profits. At no time in history have we prospered so.

But the outlook for the coming year is for a mild recession ending in unemployment and bankruptcy for most of the workers and small business men in America. The outlook is awful, terrible, suicidal. Unless, that is, something is done.

So something will be done to prevent a mild recession ending in all that mess. Take it from us. We got inside information.

There will be no mild recession. We will continue having a boom.

What will be done to prevent a mild recession: Nobody is talking. The big economists in the Administration are mum. But we've got inside information. We have reliable sources close to top-level policy makers.

What our reliable information-givers tell us will be done: Nothing! Business is in a mild recession and nothing can be done about it. The bust always follows the boom. The boom always follows the bust. So...

There will be no mild recession once the mild recession is over.

What about a depression following the mild recession? This may or may not be in the offing. It all depends on the world picture.

The world picture looks bad. This is obvious to anyone who looks at the world picture. We've looked at it. It's bad.

There will be a depression following a mild recession because the world picture looks bad. If the world picture changes, the depression might be avoided.

Will the world picture change? It could. It's all according. Reliable information sent to us from optimists in Europe say "Yes!", and so we say, "Yes, the world picture will change."

Then a depression following a mild recession will be avoided. That's the way things look as of now. We'll see.

And if something is done instead of letting the business cycle run its course, even the mild recesssion can be avoided.

We think something will be done, regardless of what our reliable information-givers tell us.

So with a depression and a mild recession avoided, look forward to a continued business boom in the next five years, topping the last five.

Scared you, didn't we?

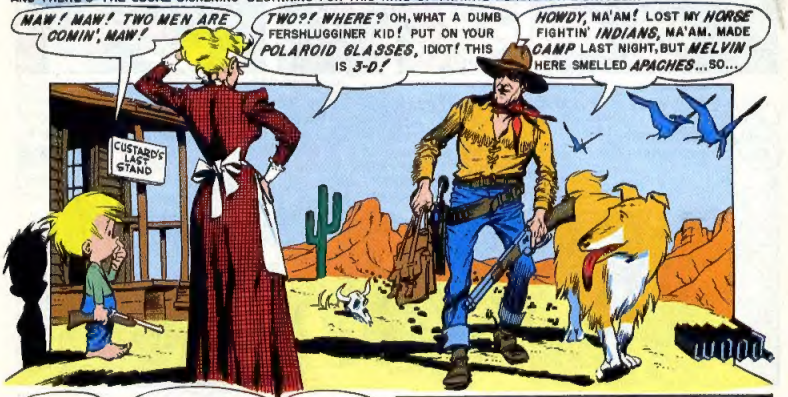
Yours for bigger wheers,
THE CRIPPLING WASHINGTON AGENCY
Melvin Crippling

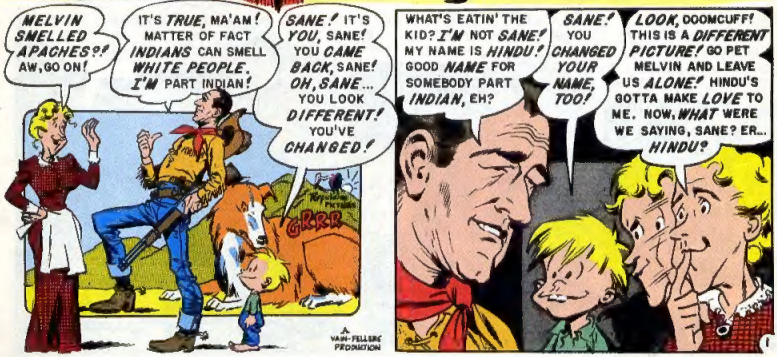
June 16, 1954 (So it takes long to write!)

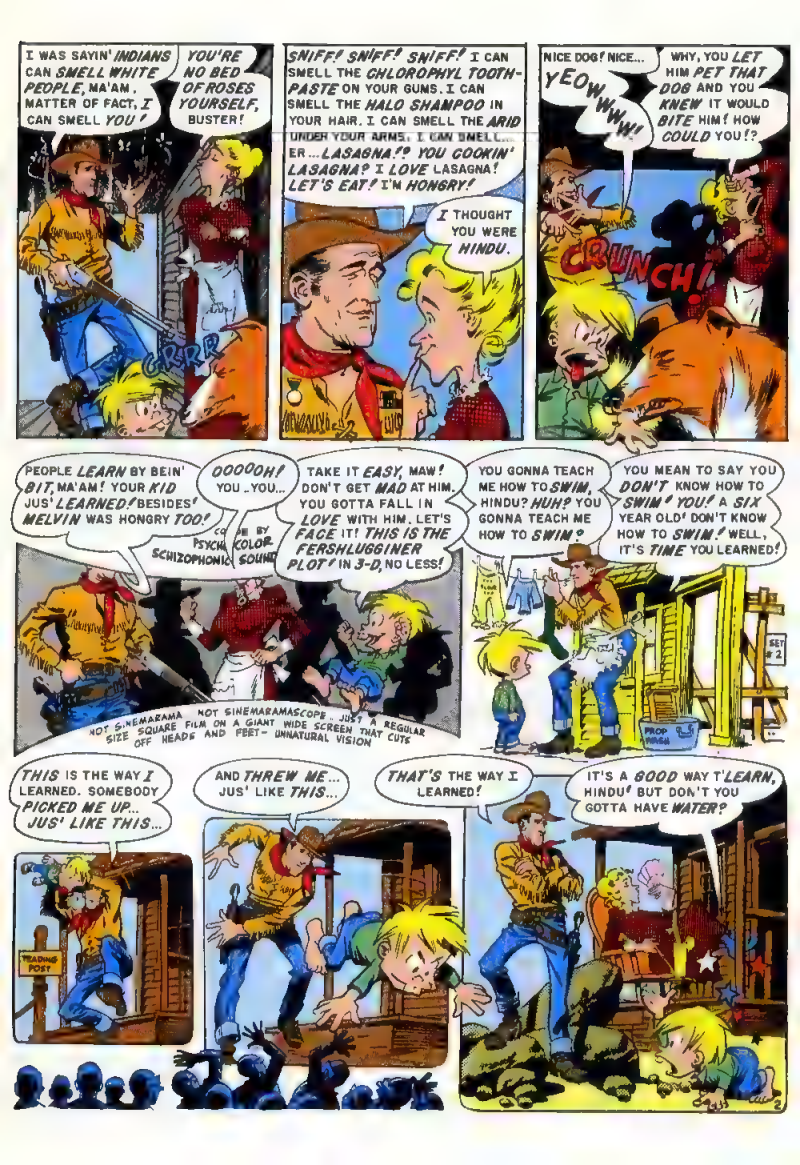
WESTERN EPIC MOVIE DEPT. (FOLLOW THE FORMULA AND YOU CAN'T GO WRONG! DIVISION): THEY HAVE A PROVEN FORMULA IN HOLLYWOOD THESE DAYS FOR PRODUCING SUCCESSFUL WESTERN MOVIES THAT MAKE MONEY. AND WHEN THEY THROW IN *3-D* TO BOOT, WELL, HOW CAN THEY MISS? THIS LATEST "STRANGER THAT COMES IN OUT OF NOWHERE TO CHOP WOOD AND TEACH THE RANCHER'S SON TO BE A MAN WHILE MAKING LOVE TO THE RANCHER'S WIFE ON THE Q.T." SAGEBRUSH SAGA IS CALLED...

HINDU

AFTER THE TITLE IS FLASHED ON THE SCREEN, THE CREDITS FOLLOW. BUT NOBODY READS THEM BECAUSE THE BORING STUFF IS SUPERIMPOSED ON A SHOT OF A STRANGER TRIPPING AND STUMBLING ACROSS THE RUGGED ROCKY DESERT! YEP! HERE HE COMES, FOLKS. AND THERE'S THE RANCH. AND THERE'S THE WIFE. AND THERE'S THE KID. AND THERE'S THE USUAL SICKENING BEGINNING FOR THIS KIND OF PRAIRIE HEROIC-TYPE DRIVEL...


MAW! MAW! TWO MEN ARE COMIN', MAW!
CUSTARD'S LAST STAND
TWO?! WHERE? OH, WHAT A DUMB FERSHLUGGINER KID! PUT ON YOUR POLAROID GLASSES, IDIOT! THIS IS 3-D!
HOWDY, MA'AM! LOST MY HORSE FIGHTIN' INDIANS, MA'AM. MADE CAMP LAST NIGHT, BUT MELVIN HERE SMELLED APACHES... SO...
WOOD.


MELVIN SMELLED APACHES?! AW, GO ON!
IT'S TRUE, MA'AM! MATTER OF FACT INDIANS CAN SMELL WHITE PEOPLE. I'M PART INDIAN!
SANE! IT'S YOU, SANE! YOU CAME BACK, SANE! OH, SANE... YOU LOOK DIFFERENT! YOU'VE CHANGED!
GRRR
WHAT'S EATIN' THE KID? I'M NOT SANE! MY NAME IS HINDU! GOOD NAME FOR SOMEBODY PART INDIAN, EH?
SANE! YOU CHANGED YOUR NAME, TOO!
LOOK, DOOMCUFF! THIS IS A DIFFERENT PICTURE! GO PET MELVIN AND LEAVE US ALONE! HINDU'S GOTTA MAKE LOVE TO ME. NOW, WHAT WERE WE SAYING, SANE? ER... HINDU?
A VAN-FELLERS PRODUCTION


I WAS SAYIN' INDIANS CAN SMELL WHITE PEOPLE, MA'AM. MATTER OF FACT, I CAN SMELL YOU!
YOU'RE NO BED OF ROSES YOURSELF, BUSTER!
CRRR
SNIFF! SNIFF! SNIFF! I CAN SMELL THE CHLOROPHYL TOOTH-PASTE ON YOUR GUNS. I CAN SMELL THE HALO SHAMPOO IN YOUR HAIR. I CAN SMELL THE ARID UNDER YOUR ARMS. I CAN SMELL... ER... LASAGNA!? YOU COOKIN' LASAGNA? I LOVE LASAGNA! LET'S EAT! I'M HONGRY!
I THOUGHT YOU WERE HINDU.
NICE DOG! NICE...
YEOW
WHY, YOU LET HIM PET THAT DOG AND YOU KNEW IT WOULD BITE HIM! HOW COULD YOU!?
WHY!
CRUNCH!
PEOPLE LEARN BY BEIN' BIT, MA'AM! YOUR KID JUS' LEARNED! BESIDES MELVIN WAS HONGRY TOO!
OOOOOH! YOU ..YOU...
PSYCHOSCHIZOPHONIC COLOR SOUND
TAKE IT EASY, MAW! DON'T GET MAD AT HIM. YOU GOTTA FALL IN LOVE WITH HIM. LET'S FACE IT! THIS IS THE FERSHLUGGINER PLOT! IN 3-D, NO LESS!
NOT SINEMARAMA NOT SINEMARAMASCOPE ... JUST A REGULAR SIZE SQUARE FILM ON A GIANT WIDE SCREEN THAT CUTS OFF HEADS AND FEET— UNNATURAL VISION
YOU GONNA TEACH ME HOW TO SWIM, HINDU? HUH? YOU GONNA TEACH ME HOW TO SWIM?
YOU MEAN TO SAY YOU DON'T KNOW HOW TO SWIM! YOU! A SIX YEAR OLD! DON'T KNOW HOW TO SWIM! WELL, IT'S TIME YOU LEARNED!
SET #2
PROP AREA
THIS IS THE WAY I LEARNED. SOMEBODY PICKED ME UP... JUS' LIKE THIS...
HEADING POST
AND THREW ME... JUS' LIKE THIS...
THAT'S THE WAY I LEARNED!
IT'S A GOOD WAY T'LEARN, HINDU! BUT DON'T YOU GOTTA HAVE WATER?

LATER...
HMMMM! THIS AX AIN'T BEEN SHARPENED IN SIX MONTHS!
I GOT A HUSBAND, HINDU. HE'S UP IN THE HILLS. HE'LL BE HOME SOON! SO...
HMMMM! THESE PLOW HORSES AIN'T BEEN SHOD IN SIX MONTHS!
HE'LL BE HOME SHORTLY, MY HUSBAND! HE'S CHASIN' STRAY CALVES! HE'LL BE HOME ANY MINUTE! SO...
?
HMMMM!
SO, DON'T GET ANY IDEAS, HINDU! I GOT A HUSBAND AND HE'LL BE HOME...
HOW COME A WOMAN ALWAYS THINKS EVERY MAN THAT COMES ALONG WANTS SOMETHIN'! HUH? HOW COME?
SO!? YOU ANY DIFFERENT?
GUESS NOT!
HEH, HEH
HALP!
AW, C'MON, MAW! LET'S GET THE MUSH OVER WITH SO HINDU CAN GO KILL PAW AN' GET THIS SHOW ON THE ROAD! GIVE 'IM WHAT HE WANTS!
ALL RIGHT, HINDU! I'LL GIVE YOU WHAT YOU WANT! COME INSIDE!
WHAT I WANT AIN'T INSIDE, MA'AM. WHAT I WANT IS THIS HORSE, HERE. GOOD-LOOKIN' HORSE!
THE NEXT MORNING...
WELL, S'LONG, MRS. LOWLIFE. THANKS FOR THE LASAGNA AND THE HORSE. IF YOU'LL TAKE MY ADVICE YOU'LL COME WITH ME TO THE CAVALRY POST. THE APACHES ARE ON THE WARPATH. THEY'LL HAVE YOUR SCALP!
I GOTTA STAY HERE AND WAIT FOR MY HUSBAND, HINDU! BESIDES...
...IF I STAY, YOU GOTTA COME BACK AND SAVE ME FROM THE INDIANS... AND LET'S FACE IT, THIS IS THE FERSHLUGGINER PLOT!
OKAY! BUT BEFORE I GO, I'M GONNA KISS YOU! BECAUSE I SURE AIN'T GONNA WANT TO KISS YOU WHEN YOU GOT NO HAIR! SO, C'MERE...
NAY!
3

THE SAME AFTERNOON, AFTER HINDU'D RIDDEN OFF, MRS. LOWLIFE DISCOVERS THAT APACHES HAVE SURROUNDED THE RANCH...
H-H-HI, FELLOWS! ER... TOUGH BREAK, THE JEFFERSON NICKLE PUTTIN' YOU OUT OF BUSINESS!
WELL, WE STILL GOT THE PONTIAC DEAL! BUT ENOUGH CHIT-CHAT! WE'VE COME TO SCALP YOU!
PSST... HEY, CHIEF! PIGEON ENGLISH! REMEMBER?
UGH! ME FORGET'UM MY SELF! LOSE'UM HEAD!
LET ME GO! LET ME GO!
ALL RIGHT, LOOEY! DROP THAT TOMAHAWK!
HO, HO! GET'UM LOAD LITTLE WHITE-HEADED BOY WITH BIG GUN, GET WISE, KID! DON'T BE NO HERO! YOUR OLD LADY AIN'T WORTH IT!
HEY, CHIEF! PSST! PIGEON ENGLISH! REMEMBER?
YOU GIVE HER BACK SCALP OR I'LL SHOOT!
ME GET'UM BIG-SHOT KID! ME FIX'UM! ME...
BANG!
ME CRAZY! ME CAN GET'UM HEAD BLOWN OFF!
HO, HO! WHITE-HEADED BOY IS BRAVE! COME HERE, WHITE-HEADED BOY!
THE APACHE CHIEF PULLS HIS KNIFE...
YOU 'FRAID OF KNIFE?
NOPE!
HE SLICES THE BOY'S THUMB, DRAWING BLOOD...
YOU 'FRAID OF BLOOD?
NOPE!
THE APACHE CHIEF PUTS THE BLADE TO HIS OWN THUMB AND HESITATES...
YOU AFRAID TO BE BLOOD-BROTHER OF APACHE CHIEF?
NOPE! IT'S OKAY WITH ME!
WELL, IT NOT OKAY WITH ME! I SCARED STIFF OF KNIFE AND BLOOD! 'BYE...
4

WEEKS LATER, A WEARY HINDU RIDES INTO THE CAVALRY CAMP ON HIS FAITHFUL DOG, MELVIN, DRAGGING MRS. LOWLIFE'S HORSE BEHIND...
WHAT'S WITH THE APACHES, HINDU?
AW, THEY'RE MAD OVER THAT JEFFERSON NICKLE DEAL! WHERE'S THE MAJOR?
HE'S IN HIS TENT TRYING A NEW HAIR RESTORER! GOT SCALPED LAST WEEK, Y'KNOW!
SUDDENLY, A YELLOW-LIVERED DIRTY-LOOKIN' EVIL-EYED COYOTE OF A STRANGER RUSHES UP...
THAT'S MY HORSE! HE STOLE MY HORSE! HE'S A HORSE THIEF!
STRANGER! YOU KNOW WHO YOU'RE TALKIN' TO? THAT'S HINDU! HE'S PART INDIAN! HE'S GOT A TEMPER!
OH, THAT'S ALL RIGHT, BUFFLE HEAD! LET 'IM TALK! WHAT'D YOU SAY, STRANGER?
I SAID THAT'S MY HORSE! YOU STOLE IT! YOU'RE A HORSE THIEF!
THAT'S WHAT I THOUGHT YOU SAID!
BLAMMMMM!
YOU KILLED HIM, HINDU! YOU SHOT HIM DOWN!
WELL, I LOST MY TEMPER! YOU WARNED HIM ABOUT MY TEMPER!
BESIDES, IF THIS IS HIS HORSE, THEN HE'S ED LOWLIFE, ANGEL LOWLIFE'S HUSBAND AND THE FERSHLUGGINER KID'S OLD MAN... AND...
...LET'S FACE IT! THIS IS THE FERSHLUGGINER PLOT. NOW I CAN GO BACK AND MAKE LOVE TO THE BROAD! HI-YO, MELVIN! HUHWAY!
ALL RIGHT, BIG SHOT! CLIMB DOWN OFF THAT DOG!
A MASKED MAN!
LOOK! I DON'T CARE IF YOU STEAL THIS GUY SANE'S STUFF... BUT LAY OFF THE "HI-YO" BUSINESS...
HI-YO, GOLDEN! HUHWAY...
GULP! GOLDEN! THAT... THAT MUST HAVE BEEN GENE ATROCITY!
PEST! WRONG PICTURE WEIGHIN'!
5

HEY, HINDU! BEFORE YOU GO! LOOK WHAT I FOUND ON THE GUY YOU JUST KILLED! A TINTYPE... OF A KID!
I'LL TAKE IT, BUFFLE HEAD, BECAUSE I READ THE SCENARIO, AND IT'S GONNA SAVE MY LIFE!
PRRT
AND SO, ARMED WITH THE FADED PICTURE OF LITTLE IRVING LOWLIFE, HINDU RIDES BACK INTO INDIAN COUNTRY... BACK TO THE LITTLE RANCH WHERE HE'D TASTED HAPPINESS FOR THE FIRST TIME IN HIS MISERABLE LIFE...
UGH! LOOK'UM! WHITE MAN... ON DOG!
UGH! HIM SCALP LOOK'UM GOOD ON SPEAR!
WHO? WHITE MAN'S?
NO! DOG'S!
LET'S GO GET'UM!
INDIANS, MELVIN! WE'RE BEING CHASED BY INDIANS! GO, BOY! GO!
I'D LOVE TO GO!
I'D LOVE TO GO BACK HOME! WHY I EVER GAVE UP THAT LASSIE PART FOR THIS, I'LL NEVER KNOW!
AW, C'MON, MELVIN! GO!
OH, NEVER MIND!
STAKE'UM OUT ON GROUND!
LIGHT'UM UP FIRE!
COYOTE DIE SCREAMING! PUMA DIE SILENT! WE SEE HOW YOU DIE, WHITE MAN!
I AIN'T NO COYOTE, CHIEF!
PUT 'IM HOT COALS ON'M EYES!
AND I AIN'T NO PUMA!
I'M JUST A PLAIN COWARD! LOOK IN MY POCKET! THERE'S A TINTYPE THERE! QUICK, BEFORE I SEE RED!
SOUVENIR
SALE
HAND WORK
BY NOW, THE WHOLE AUDIENCE IS SEEING RED, SO AT THIS POINT THERE'S A 3-D INTERMISSION IN ORDER FOR YOU TO SCREW YOUR EYEBALLS BACK INTO THEIR SOCKETS!

HOURS LATER...
LOOK, MAW! LOOK! FIFTY STRANGERS ARE COMING!
YOU GOT THOSE 3-D GLASSES OFF AGAIN? WHAT A CRAZY FERSHLUG—...
OH OH
CLOP CLOP
?
STRANGERS, NOTHIN'! THEM'S INDIANS! AND THEY'VE GOT HINDU WITH 'EM!
SANE! YOU'VE COME BACK, SANE! GONNA TEACH ME HOW TO PLAY SCRABBLE, SANE?
WILL YUH SHUT THAT KID UP WITH THE SANE BIT?
IS THIS YOUR MAN?
NO, HE AIN'T MY MAN! HOW DARE YOU CALL HIM MY MAN...
ANGEL, HONEY! USE YOUR HEAD! ED, YOUR HUSBAND, IS DEAD! AND THESE CREEPS WANT TO KILL ME, TOO!
HOW DARE YOU CALL HIM MY MAN... WHEN HE'S MY HUSBAND! DARLING? DID THEY HURT YOU? DID THEY?
ONLY WHEN I LAUGHED!
OKAY! WE GO! WE SPARE'UM YOUR LIFE! NOT BECAUSE YOU BRAVE LIKE PUMA! NOT BECAUSE YOU GOWARDLY LIKE COYOTE! BECAUSE YOU PRODUCE THIS PICTURE AND WE WANT'UM GET'UM PAID! BYE...
AND SO, HINDU IS SAFE AT THE LOWLIFE RANCH. AND HAPPY WEEKS GO BY...
WHAT'CHA DOIN', IRVING? FISHING? YOU DIDN'T CATCH ANYTHING, DID YOU?
HOW'D YOU GUESS?
SIMPLE! SEE WHERE THE SUN IS? YOU'RE CASTING A SHADOW! IF YOU CAN SEE IT, THE FISH CAN! NEVER LET YOUR SHADOW FALL WHERE YOU'RE FISHIN'!
TURN AROUND! FACE THE SUN! ALWAYS FISH INTO THE SUN! LIKE THIS... SEE?
THAT'S A GOOD WAY TO FISH, HINDU, BUT DON'T YOU GOTTA FISH IN THE WATER?

IN ALL GOOD WESTERN THRILLERS, THE CAVALRY ARRIVES IN THE NICK OF TIME TO SAVE THE RANCHERS FROM THE ATTACKING INDIANS. HOWEVER, IN THIS HORSE-OPERA HORROR, THE CAVALRY COMES TOO SOON.
THE INDIANS HAVEN'T EVEN ATTACKED YET! WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?
LOOK, BUDDY! FIVE THOUSAND THEATRES THROUGHOUT THE COUNTRY GOT 3-D GLASSES BEIN' SHIPPED ON A CERTAIN DAY.
THEY GOT CHAIN-DRIVEN 3-D PROJECTORS RENTED FOR THE SAME DAY!
SO INDIANS OR NO INDIANS, WE'RE WINDING UP THIS PICTURE! KISS THE BROAD AND LET'S GET THE SHOW ON THE ROAD!
OH, HINDU! WE'LL BE SO HAPPY ON YOUR LITTLE SEVENTY THOUSAND ACRE RANCH IN CALIFORNIA!
YEAH!
ZZZZ
MAYBE WE'LL FIND GOLD ON IT... OR OIL!
OR MAYBE HOLLY-WOOD WILL USE IT FOR LOCATION SHOTS FOR LEMONS LIKE THIS ONE!
JUST ONE THING BOTHERS ME, ANGEL!
GRRR
WHEN THE APACHES BROUGHT ME HERE AND ASKED YOU IF I WAS YOUR MAN, WHY DID YOU TELL 'EM I WAS?
SIMPLE, HINDU!
CRUNCH!
SOMEBODY'S GOTTA DO THE WORK AROUND THIS MISERABLE RANCH! WHO SHOULD IT BE? ME?!
SANE'S COMIN' BACK SOMEDAY, MA! HE PROM-ISED! HE COULD DO IT!
OH, SHUT UP!
THE END

SMASH THAT KITCHEN RADIO DEPT. (BECAUSE IT BRINGS IN SOAP-OPERAS, BUDDY, AND THE ONLY THING THAT'LL BE CLEANED OUT IS YOUR BANK ACCOUNT! DIVISION): YEAH! WE MEAN IT! DO IT NOW! DO IT BEFORE IT'S TOO LATE! IF YOUR WIFE, SISTER, MOTHER, DAUGHTER (CROSS OUT WHAT DON'T APPLY!) LISTENS TO THIS DRIVEL FROM THE TIME YOU LEAVE FOR WORK TILL THE TIME YOU GET HOME, YOU'RE IN TROUBLE! SO GRAB AN AXE! CHOP UP THE CHASSIS! HALT THE WOMAN OF THE HOUSE FROM HEARING...

JUST PLAIN BULL

YOU'VE JUST GULPED DOWN THE SWILL SHE CALLS COFFEE, SCRAPED THE PLATE CLEAN OF THE GOO SHE CALLS SCRAMBLED EGGS, CHOKED DOWN THE BURNT CARDBOARD SHE CALLS TOAST, AND YOU'VE LEFT FOR WORK WITH YOUR USUAL MORNING HEARTBURN. NOW LET'S DO SOMETHING YOU'VE ALWAYS WANTED TO DO! LET'S LOOK IN ON THE LITTLE WOMAN AND SEE WHAT SHE DOES WHEN YOU'RE GONE! READY? THEN BRACE YOURSELF...

FIRST, LIKE A BUSY LITTLE BEAVER, SHE CLEARS THE TABLE, DUMPING THE DISHES INTO THE SINK...

MY HEART KNOWS WHAT THE WILD MOOSE KNOWS...

NEXT, SHE TAKES OUT THE BROOM, THE DUST MOP, THE VACUUM CLEANER, THE FURNITURE POLISH, AND ASSORTED RAGS...

I DON'T WANT NO RICKETY ROMANCE, NO, NO, NOT ME...

THESE, SHE DROPS IN CONSPICUOUS PLACES AROUND THE HOUSE SO IT SHOULD LOOK LIKE SHE'S WORKING IN CASE YOUR MOTHER OR A NEIGHBOR'S WIFE WHO PULLS THE SAME ROUTINE SHOULD COME CALLING.

SOUTH OF THE BORDER... DING-DONG...

AND NOW, SHE'S READY. FURTIVELY, SHE TIPTOES INTO THE BEDROOM, KITCHEN RADIO UNDER HER ARM. SHE PLUGS IT IN, PLOPS ON THE BED, AND...

CLICK!

...HER HARD DAY IS ABOUT TO BEGIN. GRID PLATES AND CONDENSORS START WARMING UP. EMOTION SEETHES IN THE TUNING COILS... MISERY LURKS IN THE TUBES... TEARS AND LAUGHTER CROUCH IN THE RHEOSTATS, READY TO BLARE FORTH. THE SOAP OPERAS ARE ON THEIR WAY...

DOODLE... FOR YOUR WASH! DOODLE... FOR YOUR DISHES! DOODLE... THE SOAP PRODUCT THAT LEAVES YOU TIME TO DOODLE... PRESENTS...

SOAP-OPERAS ARE FIFTEEN MINUTE TRAGEDIES. THEY COME ONE RIGHT AFTER THE OTHER THROUGHOUT THE MORNING AND AFTERNOON. THEY'RE ALL ABOUT THE SAME. THEY'RE CALLED SOMETHING LIKE THIS...

...*WHEN A YOUNG WIDOW-GIRL MARRIES HER GUIDING LIGHT BECAUSE SHE'S GOT A RIGHT TO HAPPINESS, THE ROAD OF LIFE CAN BE BEAUTIFUL BACKSTAGE!*'

THAT'S THE *WHOLE TITLE?!*

YES, THIS IS A COMPOSITE OF ALL THE SOAP-OPERAS YOUR DARLING LITTLE WOMAN WILL LISTEN TO TODAY. IT DOESN'T *HURT* SO MUCH IF YOU TAKE '*EM ALL AT ONE TIME!* SO HERE GOES! FOR THE FIRST FIVE MINUTES OF THESE QUARTER-HOUR SOB-SESSIONS, YOU'VE GOT TO LISTEN TO THE COMMERCIAL...

LADIES, HOW'S YOUR *WASH* LOOKING THESE DAYS? DO YOUR SHEETS HAVE THAT *STOOL-PIGEON-YELLOW* LOOK? ARE YOUR UNDIES AND DAINTY THINGS AS *TATTERED* AS THE *STARS* AND *STRIPES* OVER *IWA JIMA?* DO THE *COLLARS* ON YOUR HUSBAND'S SHIRTS LOOK LIKE HE'S *SLEPT* IN THEM?

THESE NAUSEATING SALES PITCHES OOZE FROM YOUR LOUDSPEAKER IN A DEEP AND RESONANT AND SOOTHING AND SEXY VOICE. THE ANNOUNCER TALKS INTIMATELY TO YOUR GAL, COMMERCIALLY SEDUCING HER WITH THIS KIND OF NONSENSE. SHE PICTURES HIM LOOKING LIKE THIS...

WELL, *LOOK,* BABY! I'M NOT GOING TO LET YOU *WORRY* YOUR PRETTY LITTLE HEAD ABOUT *WASH-DAY* ANYMORE *BECAUSE,* DARLING... THOSE PETTY PROBLEMS ARE *SOLVED.* THE MAKERS OF DOODLE SOAPFLAKES HAVE SPENT *MILLIONS* SOLVING THEM *FOR* YOU. THAT'S BECAUSE THEY *LOVE* YOU. *I LOVE YOU.* YOU'RE *BEAUTIFUL, BABY...*

ACTUALLY, THE CREEP AT THE STATION READING THE COMMERCIAL IS A BALDING, BORED-STIFF BACHELOR WHO DOESN'T GIVE A HOOT HOW MUCH YOUR LITTLE WOMAN SWEATS OVER A HOT TUB. ACTUALLY, HE LOOKS LIKE THIS...

...SO, *USE DOODLE SOAPFLAKES* AND YOUR SHEETS WILL BE *WHITE* AS *FRESH-SPILLED YOGERT*... YOUR DAINTY LINGERIE WILL BE *NEW* AS THE DAY YOU FIRST *SHOPLIFTED* THEM... YOUR HUSBAND'S COLLARS WILL *STRANGLE* HIM... AND THAT WOULD MAKE YOU *SO HAPPY,* WOULDN'T IT?

BUT YOUR LITTLE GAL DOESN'T CARE WHAT HE REALLY LOOKS LIKE. SHE'S ALREADY LOST IN A FEMALE DREAM. THIS GUY *CARES* ABOUT HER! THIS GUY IS *WORRIED* ABOUT HER *WELFARE!* THIS GUY *SENDS* HER...

REMEMBER, HONEY! *DOODLE FLAKES* WILL *DOODLE-AUNDRY,* AND YOU'LL HAVE MORE LEISURE TIME SO YOU CAN LIE BACK AND LISTEN TO OUR TRUE-LIFE STORY. PROMISE ME YOU'LL *BUY DOODLE FLAKES* NEXT TIME YOU SHOP. *PROMISE ME,* YOU *GORGEOUS, ADORABLE VIXEN, YOU...*

OH... I *PROMISE!* I *PROMISE!* OOOOOHH...

SEE WHAT WE MEAN? NOW DOODLE SOAPFLAKES ARE ON YOUR GULLIBLE LITTLE HOUSEKEEPER'S SHOPPING LIST. ALREADY IT'S COSTING YOU MONEY BUT THAT'S NOT *ALL.* THE *WORST* IS *YET TO COME.* A NEW VOICE DRIPS FROM YOUR RADIO LOUDSPEAKER...

AND NOW IT'S TIME FOR *CHAPTER 7,043* OF... "WHEN A YOUNG WIDOW-GIRL MARRIES HER GUIDING LIGHT BECAUSE SHE'S GOT A RIGHT TO HAPPINESS, THE ROAD OF LIFE CAN BE BEAUTIFUL BACKSTAGE!"

IT *MUST* BE THE *WHOLE TITLE!*

THIS NEW GUY HAS *COMPASSION* IN HIS VOICE. THIS NEW GUY *KNOWS* ABOUT LIFE'S *PAIN* AND *UNHAPPINESS*. HE *KNOWS* ABOUT LIFE'S *FAILURES* AND *DISAPPOINTMENTS*. THIS GUY HAS *REALLY SUFFERED!* AFTER ALL... HE'S BEEN *ANNOUNCING* THIS MESS FOR THE LAST EIGHTEEN YEARS! YOUR LITTLE WOMAN PICTURES HIM LIKE *THIS*...

BUT FIRST, A *BRIEF RESUMÉ* OF OUR *STORY* UP TO NOW...YOU *LUSCIOUS, MISUNDERSTOOD, UNAPPRECIATED GLAMOUR-LOVELY*, YOU...

ACTUALLY, HE LOOKS LIKE THIS...

YOU REMEMBER *YESTERDAY'S EPISODE?* YOU REMEMBER WHAT *HAPPENED?* YOU *DO?* YOU'RE *EXOTIC!*

ACTUALLY, WHO *COULD* REMEMBER WHAT'S HAPPENING ON THIS PARTICULAR SOB-SERIAL WHEN THERE ARE *39 OTHERS* TO HEAR? THAT'S WHY, SO YOU SHOULDN'T BE MIXED UP, THE NEXT FIVE MINUTES OF THIS FIFTEEN MINUTE MESS IS WASTED IN A BRIEF RESUMÉ OF THE STORY FOR THE LAST FOUR YEARS...

AS, YOU KNOW, *DELLA STALLAS, THE YOUNG WIDOW-GIRL'S MOTHER*, IS SUFFERING FROM THAT *UNMENTIONABLE, INCURABLE MALADY...ALMOST ALWAYS FATAL... MALIGNANT HICCUPS!*

THIS RESUMÉ, YOUR LITTLE DARLING *NEEDS LIKE A HOLE IN HER HEAD!* AFTER ALL, SHE'S BEEN *LISTENING* TO THE PROGRAM EVERY DAY SINCE YOU WERE *MARRIED!* BUT *NO!* SHE *ENJOYS* IT! SHE CAN JUST *PICTURE* THOSE PAST EPISODES...

LEARNING OF HER MOTHER'S ILLNESS, *SHE-SHE*, STILL MOURNING THE DEATH OF HER LATE HUSBAND, *PERRY MASONMINT*, HAS RUSHED TO DELLA'S BEDSIDE, LEAVING HER *INFANT SON, PUPPY DAVID*, ALONE IN A PARTIALLY FILLED *BATHINETTE*...

YOU'D THINK THIS WAS *ENOUGH* OF A RESUME? YOU'D THINK TODAY'S EPISODE COULD, WITH A CLEAR CONSCIENCE, *BEGIN* NOW? *OH, NO!* THERE'S *MORE!*

MEANWHILE, *MA PERKUP*, SHE-SHE'S *MOTHER-IN-LAW*, HAS *CLOSED* HER *CORSET SHOP* AND TAKEN A PLANE *WEST* IN SEARCH OF A MORE *STRAIGHT-LACED BUSINESS*...

NOW, MAYBE? TODAY'S EPISODE SHOULD START ON A *PLANE GOING WEST?* NOT *YET*, BUDDY! THERE'S *MORE MISERY* TO REVIEW! LISTEN...

ON THE SAME PLANE, FLYING *EAST* IN *SEARCH* OF SOMEONE FLYING WEST IN SEARCH OF A STRAIGHT-LACED BUSINESS, IS *DORENZO JONES* WITH HIS LATEST INVENTION, AN *AUTOMATIC CORSET-LACER*.

NO! NOT YET! SO *TALK* TO EACH OTHER! *INDIAN WRESTLE!* IF YOU'RE *ALONE*, PLAY YOURSELF A GAME OF *SOLITAIRE-SCRABBLE!* THERE'S MORE...

HOWEVER, *UNKNOWN* TO MA PERKUP, HER *NEPHEW, YOUNG DOCTOR MELLON*, THE *WIDOWER*, HAS LEFT TREE OAKS BY *JET PLANE* TO RUSH TO DELLA'S BEDSIDE, BRINGING HIS CAPABLE NURSE, *MORA DRACK*, ALONG IN A WING-TANK...

GETTING *ANXIOUS?* WANNA KNOW WHAT'S GONNA *HAPPEN* TODAY? *PATIENCE,* BOY! *DOWN! HEEL!* YOUR LITTLE DOLL-FACE HAS A FEW MORE *DETAILS* TO BE REMINDED OF...

BACK-PAGE FARFEL, MEANWHILE, HAS BEEN HANGING AROUND THE STALL AS TENEMENT, WAITING TO PHONE IN THE OBITUARY NOTICE TO THE DAILY BEAGLE. SILLY FARFEL, HIS DEVOTED WIFE, HAS BEEN FORTIFYING HIS VIGIL WITH HOT TYPEWRITER-RIBBON SOUP

AND STILL THEY COME! COMPLICATIONS... COMPLICATIONS...

LARRY NOBELPRIZE, MATINEE IDOL, AND HIS INGÉNUE WIFE, *MARY,* AT THIS VERY MOMENT, ARE ON THEIR WAY FROM *NEW YORK,* HAVING LEFT BETWEEN THE *SECOND* AND *THIRD ACTS* OF THEIR NEW PLAY, *'THE LOVE LIFE OF BOB AND RAY'*...

...ON AND ON, UNTIL WHEN YOU'VE JUST ABOUT *GIVEN UP ALL HOPE,* WHEN YOU'VE BEEN JUST ABOUT *LULLED TO SLEEP BY COMPLICATIONS, THEY FIRE THE QUESTIONS AT YOU!*

HAH? WHA...? WHO?

WILL DELLA *SURVIVE* THE *HICCUP ATTACK?* WILL SHE-SHE EVER *GET OVER* PERRY MASONMINT'S *DEATH?* AFTER *ALL!* IT'S BEEN *14 YEARS!* WILL PUPPY DAVID *DROWN* IN THE *BATHINETTE?* WILL MA PERKUP *TIE UP* WITH DORENZO JONES IN THE *CORSET BUSINESS?* WILL YOUNG DOCTOR MELLON AND NURSE MORA DRACK ARRIVE AT DELLA'S BEDSIDE IN TIME TO SAY *"BOO!"?*

WILL BACK-PAGE FARFEL *PHONE IN HIS STORY?* WILL LARRY AND MARY NOBELPRIZE GET *BACK* TO NEW YORK IN TIME FOR THE *THIRD ACT* OF THEIR *NEW PLAY?*

WILL BOB AND RAY EVER REPLACE RADIO?

LISTEN, NOW, TO CHAPTER 7,043 OF "WHEN A YOUNG WIDOW-GIRL MARRIES HER GUIDING LIGHT BECAUSE SHE'S GOT A RIGHT TO HAPPINESS, THE ROAD OF LIFE CAN BE BEAUTIFUL BACKSTAGE!"

SO HERE IT IS! YOU'VE HAD A FIVE MINUTE COMMERCIAL AND A FIVE MINUTE RESUME. THERE ARE FIVE MINUTES LEFT. HERE'S TODAY'S INSTALLMENT..ER.. AFTER THE ORGAN MUSIC, THAT IS..

SOB.

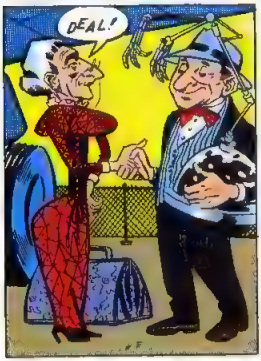
OH, PROMISE ME THAT SOMEDAY YOU WILL DIE..

OKAY! LISTEN CAREFULLY, NOW...

HIC!

SOB!

GLUGG-GLUGG...


DEAL!

BOO!

NUTS!

WRITE IF YOU GET WORK! HANG BY YOUR THUMBS!
LI RR

PAT THANKS YOU! CHECKERS THANKS YOU! AND I THANK YOU!

AND THAT'S IT! DRAMATIC TIME... INCLUDING ORGAN MUSIC... 45 SECONDS. TIME ENOUGH LEFT FOR A FOUR MINUTE COMMERCIAL...
LADIES, THERE'S STILL TIME TO TAKE ADVANTAGE OF DOODLE SOAP-FLAKE'S SPECIAL OFFER. IF YOU HURRY, YOU CAN STILL GET THAT SEVEN ROOM RANCH HOUSE WE'RE GIVING AWAY FREE... FOR JUST TWO BOXTOPS OF DOODLE SOAP-FLAKES... AND THIRTY-FOUR THOUSAND DOLLARS. BUT THE SUPPLY IS LIMITED! SO, HURRY...

So that's how it goes, chum! Every fifteen minutes for eight solid hours, your li'l woman eagerly... nay, hungrily!.. swallows this kind of trash...

So put *Mother Murphy's Quick-Frozen Cornpone* on your *Shopping List* this *very minute*, you *vivacious charming dollface*, you...

Oh, I *am!* I *am!* See?

By the time six o'clock rolls around, she's got 7 brands of soap-flakes, 6 brands of cakemixes, 4 brands of frozen desserts, 5 brands of instant coffee, and 12 assorted other 'must' items on that miserable list. But that's not your *real* problem! So she goes *over* her budget by $30 every week! If that were *all*, you'd be *lucky!* You *forgot!* The *breakfast dishes* are still in the sink...

GULP!

Here's this broad... been fed soap-operas all day. She's listened to how *She-She* lives on the *Million* she's inherited from her late husband. She's heard how glamorous *Mary Nobelprize* cavorts across the *Broadway Stage*. She's ridden with *Mora Drack* on missions of mercy via *Jet Planes*. She's heard *All About the Typical American Woman*...

HMMMM.

And what's *her* life like? Your little *woman?* What's *she* got? *Breakfast dishes! Vacuum cleaners! Dust mops! Brooms! Assorted rags!...*

GRUMBLE...GRUMBLE...

And *less* than *fifteen minutes* to put them *all away* and get your sloppy *supper* on the stove before *you* get home from *work*...

GASP ,GASP...

Is it any *wonder* that when you open the door with your usual cheerful greeting...

HI!

She *answers* with...

B-O-I-N-N-N-N-N-N-G-G!

So *smash that kitchen radio*, mister! *Do it now! This minute! Don't* try to figure her out! *Don't* try to tell her about the hard day you've had in the sewer. You *know* what her answer will be...

?

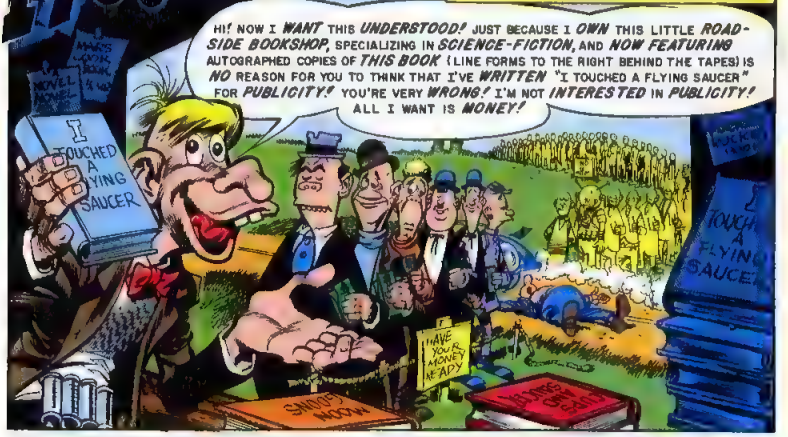
So, *somebody's* gotta work! *Who* should it *be? Me!?*

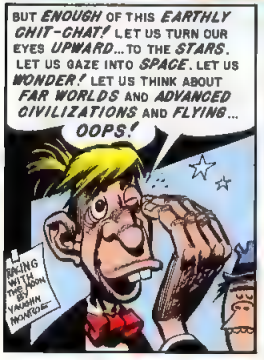
THE END

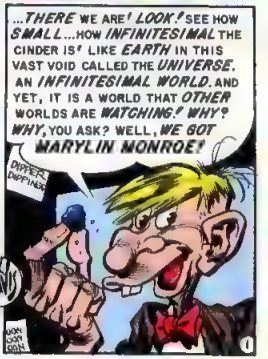
HOP ON THE BANDWAGON NON-FICTION DEPT. (WRITE A BOOK ABOUT A TIMELY TOPIC LIKE YOU'RE AN EXPERT AND WATCH THE SUCKERS GOBBLE UP COPIES! DIVISION): THERE ARE MAGIC WORDS IN THE NON-FICTION FIELD THESE DAYS. ALL YOU HAVE TO DO IS USE THEM IN A BOOK-TITLE AND IT'S BOUND TO MAKE MOOLA! LIKE "IRON CURTAIN", FOR INSTANCE! "I CRAWLED OUT FROM BEHIND THE..." "I DUG MY WAY TO FREEDOM UNDER THE..." "I RAN LIKE CRAZY THROUGH THE..." ARE GOOD EXAMPLES OF BEST SELLERS USING THIS PARTICULAR PAIR OF MAGIC TITLE WORDS. THERE'S ANOTHER PAIR OF IRRESISTABLE KEY WORDS, AND THIS IS PANIC MAGAZINE'S IMPRESSION OF WHAT'S FOUND BETWEEN THE COVERS OF BOOKS USING THEM! THEIR TITLES USUALLY READ LIKE THIS!:

I TOUCHED A FLYING SAUCER!

BY PVT. 'SKULL' E. ADAMS KEYHOLE
U.S. K-9 CORPS (DISHON. DISCH.)


HI! NOW I WANT THIS UNDERSTOOD! JUST BECAUSE I OWN THIS LITTLE ROADSIDE BOOKSHOP, SPECIALIZING IN SCIENCE-FICTION, AND NOW FEATURING AUTOGRAPHED COPIES OF THIS BOOK (LINE FORMS TO THE RIGHT BEHIND THE TAPES) IS NO REASON FOR YOU TO THINK THAT I'VE WRITTEN "I TOUCHED A FLYING SAUCER" FOR PUBLICITY! YOU'RE VERY WRONG! I'M NOT INTERESTED IN PUBLICITY! ALL I WANT IS MONEY!
I TOUCHED A FLYING SAUCER
I TOUCH A FLYING SAUCER
I HAVE YOUR MONEY HE ADY
SHUT MOUTH


BUT ENOUGH OF THIS EARTHLY CHIT-CHAT! LET US TURN OUR EYES UPWARD...TO THE STARS. LET US GAZE INTO SPACE. LET US WONDER! LET US THINK ABOUT FAR WORLDS AND ADVANCED CIVILIZATIONS AND FLYING...
OOPS!
BRING WITH THIS BOOK BY VAUGHN MONROE!


...THERE WE ARE! LOOK! SEE HOW SMALL...HOW INFINITESIMAL THE CINDER IS! LIKE EARTH IN THIS VAST VOID CALLED THE UNIVERSE. AN INFINITESIMAL WORLD. AND YET, IT IS A WORLD THAT OTHER WORLDS ARE WATCHING! WHY? WHY, YOU ASK? WELL, WE GOT MARYLIN MONROE!
DIPPER DIPTINES

AND *HOW* ARE WE BEING WATCHED? *HOW* IS OUR INFINITESIMAL WORLD BEING *SCRUTINIZED*, YOU WONDER? I'LL *TELL* YOU! WE ARE BEING OBSERVED BY THE *FLYING SAUCERS*! *WAIT! WAIT! DON'T* PUT ME BACK ON THE *SHELF! BUY ME!* TAKE ME *HOME!* I CAN *CONVINCE* YOU! I GOT *PROOF!* I GOT *PICTURES!* I GOT *BILLS* TO PAY AND I *NEED THE MONEY!*

MY NAME IS *E. ADAMS KEYHOLE*. THE '*E*' STANDS FOR *ELMER*. MY *FRIENDS* CALL ME '*SKULL*'. NOT THAT I'M *SKINNY! NO!* THAT'S SO I CAN SIGN MY NAME "*SKULL E. ADAMS KEYHOLE*" AND THEM *PANIC EDITORS* TAKE A SWIPE AT *SEVERAL* 'EXPERTS' LIKE ME AT *ONE TIME! CLEVER?*

LISTEN, THOSE PANIC EDITORS GOT IDEAS THEY HAVEN'T EVEN *SWIPED* YET! BUT *ENOUGH* OF THIS EARTHLY CHIT-CHAT. WHERE *WAS* I? OH, YES! I *LIVE* IN BACK OF MY *ROADSIDE BOOKSHOP* THERE ... ALL BY *MYSELF!* I *USED* TO LIVE WITH MY *WIFE*... BUT... WELL, *THAT'S* WHY I'VE WRITTEN THIS *BOOK!* TO TELL YOU WHAT *HAPPENED* TO HER...

'IT ALL BEGAN BACK IN *1947* WHEN, USING A G.I. BUSINESS LOAN, WE OPENED THIS *ROADSIDE STAND*. WE USED TO SELL *HOT DOGS* IN THOSE DAYS. USED TO MAKE OUT *PRETTY GOOD*, TOO. THEN ONE DAY, A CUSTOMER SMILED AT ME WITH MUSTARD-COVERED LIPS AND SAID:'

GOT ANY *MAGAZINES? SCIENCE-FICTION* MAGAZINES?

SCIENCE-FICTION? WHAT'S SCIENCE-FICTION?

'I MUST'VE SAID SOMETHING *WRONG* BECAUSE IMMEDIATELY MY CUSTOMER BEGAN TO *CRY*. I LATER FOUND OUT *WHY*. *SCIENCE-FICTION FANS*... OR "*BEM*" AS THEY ARE KNOWN IN SPACE-VERNACULAR... ARE *VERY SENSITIVE CREATURES!* HE SLOBBERED AT ME, DROOLING FRANKFURTER JUICE...'

YOU... YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT *SCIENCE-FICTION* IS? YOU... YOU *SERIOUS? HERE!* TAKE THIS LATEST COPY OF "*INCREDIBLE AMAZEMENTS*"! *READ IT!* YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'RE *MISSING!*

TH-THANK YOU! I... I WILL ALWAYS BE *GRATEFUL* TO YOU FOR THIS..

INCREDIBLE AMAZEMENTS

'I WAS SO ENGROSSED IN THE FIRST STORY OF "INCREDIBLE AMAZEMENTS"... SOMETHING CALLED "THE RAY BRAD BURIED!"... THAT I NEVER NOTICED HIM LEAVE WITHOUT PAYING...'

HEY! EINSTEIN! SIX HOT DOGS AND TWO SODAS WE'RE OUT!

CHOMP CHOMP

THIS... ...HAS *MORE* THAN COMPENSATED FOR THEM!

INCREDIBLE AMAZEMENTS

'I LATER FOUND OUT THAT THIS IS A RUSE USED BY ALL "BEM" IN ORDER TO EASE THE FINANCIAL BURDEN OF TRAVELING TO S-F *CONVENTIONS*. HOWEVER, I WAS *SOLD!* I TOOK IN SCIENCE-FICTION MAGAZINES AS A *SIDELINE*...'

LOOK, ETHEL*! *HERE'S* A STORY ON *FLYING SAUCERS!*

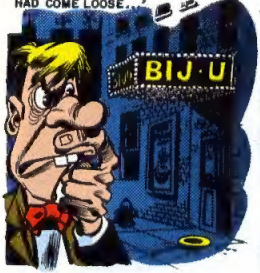
SHUT UP AND HELP ME BUNDLE THESE RETURNS!

'I HAVE *CHANGED* GLORIA'S NAME TO *ETHEL* TO PROTECT HER INNOCENT FAMILY LIVING IN ST. PAUL!—

AUTHOR

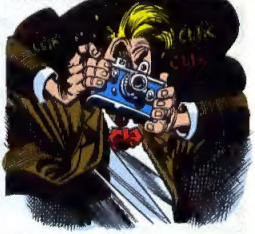
'LITTLE BY LITTLE, SCIENCE-FICTION MAGAZINES REPLACED SUGARED DOUGHNUTS... SCIENCE FICTION BOOKS REPLACED SANDWICHES. OURS WAS THE ONLY ROADSIDE BOOKSHOP IN THE AREA SERVING BICARB, AND MY CURIOSITY ABOUT FLYING SAUCERS GREW...'
YOU TAKING NOSE DROPS?
DON'T BE FUNNY! I'M LOOKING FOR FLYING DISCS!
COMET LOOMS IN A CLOSE...
GAS METEOR IN SUN TODAY
'AS THE MONTHS PASSED AND MORE AND MORE FLYING SAUCER SIGHTINGS WERE REPORTED, I BECAME DETERMINED TO SEE ONE MYSELF. SO I BUILT A SMALL HOMEMADE TELESCOPE.'
LOOK, GALILEO! I HATE TO DISTURB YOU, BUT...
I SEE ONE, ETHEL! I SEE ONE!
'IT WAS ON A SUMMER NIGHT IN 1948. THERE WAS A BRISK WIND BLOWING. SUDDENLY, FROM OUT OF NOWHERE, A BRILLIANT GLEAMING LIGHT HAD APPEARED BEFORE ME AS I SAT STARING THROUGH MY TELESCOPE. IT LOOKED LIKE THIS...'
IT'S A FLYING SAUCER, ETHEL! A REAL FLYING SAUCER!
SORRY TO SPOIL YOUR FUN, BUCK ROGERS...
'ETHEL REACHED OUT AND SCRAPED IT FROM THE OBJECTIVE LENS. IT WAS A LIGHTNING BUG THAT HAD BEEN SLAMMED AGAINST IT AND SQUASHED BY THE WIND. IT WAS STILL GLOWING WITH A SICKENING GREENISH LIGHT...'
SEE!? NOW, COME WASH THE POTS AND PANS!
SPOIL-SPORT!
'THAT EMBARRASSING EXPERIENCE ONLY LEFT ME MORE DETERMINED. I SOLD THE TELESCOPE AND BOUGHT A CAMERA WITH THE MONEY. ONE DAY, AS I WAS WALKING IN TOWN...'
A FLYING SAUCER!
'I RAISED MY NEW BROWNIE AND SNAPPED SIX PICTURES IN RAPID SUCCESSION...'
CLIK
CLIK
CLIK
CLIK
'I RUSHED BACK TO OUR LITTLE STAND TO DEVELOP THEM...'
'...BUT I'D FORGOTTEN TO PUT FILM IN THE CAMERA!'

'I *LATER* FOUND OUT THAT THE "*FLYING SAUCER*" I'D SEEN IN TOWN HAD BEEN NOTHING MORE THAN THE "*O*" FROM *THE BIJOU THEATER-MARQUEE SIGN* THAT HAD COME LOOSE...'

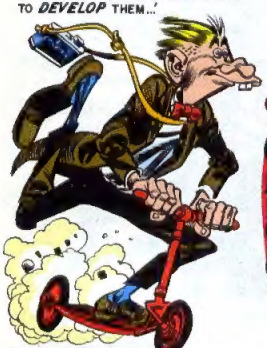


'BUT I DID NOT LOSE *HOPE*. I *LOADED* MY CAMERA WITH *GOOD FAST FINE-GRAIN FILM* AND I SET OUT AGAIN, STILL DETERMINED...'

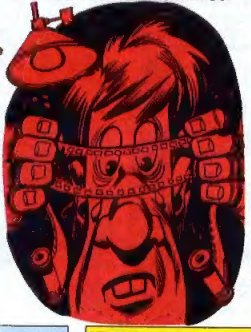
'I *UTTERED* THAT ACCEPTABLE S-F EXCLAMATION AT THE *SIGHT* THAT MY EYES BEHELD. I'D BEEN WALKING DOWN THE HIGHWAY AND HAD HEARD A *RUSHING ROAR*. JUST OVER THE DISTANT HORIZON, I'D SEEN THE *HURTLING METALLIC DISC*. I RAISED MY CAMERA AND CLICKED OFF *SEVEN PICTURES* IN *RAPID SUCCESSION*...'



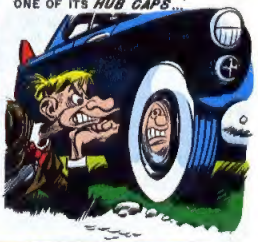
'I RUSHED BACK TO MY BOOKSTAND TO *DEVELOP* THEM...'



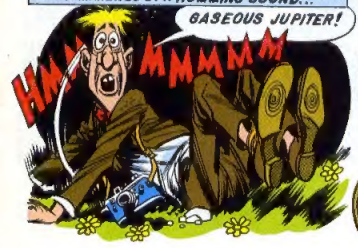
'THE *NEGATIVES* CAME OUT *VERY CLEAR*. CLEAR LIKE *GLASS!* I'D *PUT THE FILM IN BACKWARDS!*'



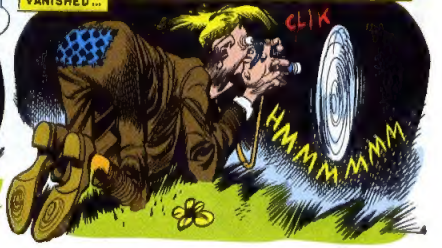
'I *LATER* FOUND OUT THAT THE *RUSHING ROAR* I'D HEARD HAD BEEN NOTHING MORE THAN A *CADILLAC COUPE-DE-VILLE* PASSING ME AT *95 M.P.H.* THE "*METALLIC DISC*" I'D SEEN WAS ONE OF ITS *HUB CAPS*...'



'BUT I WAS *NOT DISCOURAGED*. I *CAREFULLY LOADED* MY CAMERA *CORRECTLY* AND GREW TIRED. I LAY DOWN TO REST. SUDDENLY I WAS AWAKENED BY A *HUMMING SOUND*...'



'THERE, HOVERING BEFORE ME, WAS A *BLUISH SPINNING OBJECT*. WITHOUT RISING, I SNATCHED MY CAMERA AND HAD TIME TO TAKE *ONE PICTURE* BEFORE THE SPINNING DISC VANISHED...'



'I RUSHED BACK TO MY ROADSIDE STAND TO DEVELOP MY PRECIOUS PICTURE...'
'THIS TIME I'D GOTTEN A PICTURE OF SOMETHING ALL RIGHT! MY THUMB! IN MY HASTE, I'D COVERED THE LENS!'
'I LATER FOUND OUT THAT THE "SPINNING DISC" I'D SEEN HOVERING OVER ME WAS A SMALL BOY'S LIGHT BLUE "SLEEPING" DUNCAN YO-YO...'
JACK III
'OTHER MEN, BY THIS TIME, WOULD HAVE THROWN UP THEIR ARMS IN DISGUST. BUT NOT I! I WAS EVEN MORE DETERMINED THAN EVER. I DECIDED THAT NIGHT OFFERED ME MY BEST CHANCE. I LOADED MY CAMERA WITH INFRA-RED FILM AND PURCHASED AN INEXPENSIVE GEIGER-COUNTER. IF THE FLYING SAUCERS WERE RADIO-ACTIVE, THE GEIGER COUNTER WOULD AWAKEN ME. I WENT TO SLEEP WITH CONFIDENCE...'
ZZZ
'I WAS AWAKENED RUDELY BY A STEADY CLICKING. I SAW THE CIRCULAR OBJECT SILHOUETTED AGAINST THE DAWN SKY OUT MY BEDROOM WINDOW. I GRABBED MY CAMERA AND SHOT EIGHT PICTURES IN RAPID SUCCESSION...'
CLIK
'I RUSHED TO THE DARKROOM AND DEVELOPED MY INFRA-RED FILM...'
'I WAS OVERJOYED! I'D GOTTEN EIGHT CRYSTAL-CLEAR PICTURES...'
'...OF MY NIGHT-TABLE ALARM CLOCK! ITS TICKING HAD AWAKENED ME!'

'MEANWHILE, MY ROADSIDE BOOKSTAND HAD BEEN *STEADILY LOSING MONEY*. ETHEL SEEMED TO BE LOSING *PATIENCE* WITH MY *"FLYING SAUCER EXCURSIONS."* BUT I DOGGEDLY SEARCHED ON...'

'I PHOTOGRAPHED *TWO BEER CAN TOPS* BEING SCALED BY YOUNG RUFFIANS...'

'I TOOK AN EXCELLENT PICTURE OF A WINDSWEPT *UMBRELLA* DURING A RAINSTORM...'

'ON *JULY FOURTH*, I ALMOST LOST MY *MIND* CHASING *SKYROCKETS* AND *ROMAN CANDLES*...'

'AND THEN CAME THE MEMORABLE EVENING OF *SEPTEMBER 22, 1953*. THE *BANK* HAD SENT US ITS NOTICE OF *FORECLOSURE* ON OUR LITTLE BUSINESS. *ETHEL* WAS IN THE *KITCHEN*, PACKING OUR BELONGINGS INTO A BARREL. *I* WAS OUTSIDE ON THE COOL GRASS, STARING UP AT THE STARRY SKY.'

HEY, *MOONSTRUCK!* YOU GONNA COME IN AND *HELP?*

IN A *MINUTE*, ETHEL!

'IT WAS A *BEAUTIFUL* NIGHT. ETHEL'S *INSULTS* COULDN'T EVEN SPOIL ITS BEAUTY...'

I'M *WARNING* YOU, SPACE HAPPY! EITHER YOU COME IN AND *HELP*, OR...

IN A *MINUTE*, ETHEL!

'IT WAS *THEN*...ON THAT MEMORABLE NIGHT OF SEPTEMBER 22...THAT I *SAW IT*. A *REAL, UNMISTAKABLE FLYING SAUCER!* IT HURTLED *TOWARD* ME, OVER THE NIGHT COUNTRYSIDE...'

I *WARNED* YOU, ELMER!

ETHEL! ETHEL, LOOK!

'EVERYTHING HAPPENED SO *SUDDENLY!* I REMEMBER SNATCHING MY LOADED WAITING CAMERA AS IT LOOMED LARGER...'

ETHEL! IT'S A FLYING SAUCER!

YEAH!

'...AND SNAPPING THE PICTURE BEFORE EVERYTHING EXPLODED IN A WHITE BLINDING FLASH...'

GNNNNNNNNNGG!

CLICK!

'WHEN I CAME TO, HOURS LATER, BITS OF STRANGE SPARKLING MATERIAL LAY SCATTERED AROUND ME...'

WHA...WHAT *HAPPENED?* *ETHEL!*

'NO *SOUND* CAME FROM MY LITTLE APARTMENT BEHIND THE BOOKSTAND. ETHEL WAS *GONE...*'

ETHEL! WHERE *ARE* YOU?

'I DEVELOPED THE FILM SADLY, KNOWING THAT AT LAST I'D *PHOTOGRAPHED MY FLYING SAUCER,* BUT *LOST ETHEL* AT THE *SAME TIME...*'

'IT WAS A *GOOD PICTURE!* THE *DETAILS* OF THE "FLYING SAUCER" WERE *VERY CLEAR!* IT WAS A *REAL FLYING SAUCER,* ALL RIGHT! ETHEL'D *THROWN* IT AT ME. I'D TAKEN ITS PICTURE BEFORE IT'D HIT ME IN THE HEAD, SMASHING TO BITS, KNOCKING ME COLD! *HERE IT IS...*

OUR *BEST CHINA, TOO!*

'WE MET BRIEFLY JUST *ONCE* AFTER THAT, ETHEL AND I. IT WAS AT THE *LAWYER'S* OFFICE. THEY TOLD ME WHAT *ALIMONY* I'D BE EXPECTED TO PAY...'

SO MUCH MONEY?!

SO, *SOMEBODY'S* GOTTA WORK! *WHO* SHOULD IT *BE? ME?!*

THE END